



Ex-CBI Roundup

— CHINA — BURMA — INDIA —

**MARCH
1964**





WITH MORE THAN 350,000 persons looking on, members of the General George W. Sliney CBIVA Basha won a first place award of \$50 and a trophy in the Chinese New Year's Parade through San Francisco's famed Chinatown Saturday, February 22. The top prize was in the category of "Best Marching Units." Scenes from the parade show Len Langland carrying the "Hump Flyers" banner as Marcus Ogden brings up the rear; Ray Kirkpatrick as Basha Coolie; National Commander Hal Reinholt of Philadelphia, Pa., dressed as Chinese emperor (and happy that his ears kept the crown from coming down to his shoulders); General George Sliney having a good laugh with Grace Mullan; and Mae Bissell, basha finance officer and junior national vice-commander, west. All photos by Gene Golobic.

EX-CBI ROUNDUP

CHINA · BURMA · INDIA

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Ex-CBI ROUNDUP, established 1946, is a reminiscing magazine published monthly except AUGUST and SEPTEMBER at 117 South Third Street, Laurens, Iowa, by and for former members of U. S. Units stationed in the China-Burma-India Theater during World War II. Ex-CBI Roundup is the official publication of the China-Burma-India Veterans Association.

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Letter FROM The Editor . . .

● Considerable interest is being shown in Ex-CBI Roundup's **Return to India** in 1964, which was announced in the February issue. Several persons have already indicated they definitely plan to take the trip. There is more information in this issue, and a coupon on the back page which you may sign and return to us if you don't have time to write. A wonderful trip has been planned, and it is offered at a bargain price. We hope you can go with us!

● This month's cover shows three officers aboard an AAF plane in CBI, ready to take off. The condition of their shirts indicates this U. S. Army Signal Corps photo was taken on one of those hot, humid days. It is from a collection of pictures submitted by John O. Aalberg.

● Our attention is sometimes called to the fact that a picture in Roundup had appeared in an earlier issue, and all we can do is plead guilty! Thousands of CBI photos have appeared in the magazine since 1948 . . . it's impossible for us to remember all of them, so you can occasionally expect some duplication.

● Reports from Philadelphia indicate that members of the Delaware Valley Basha are going "all out" in preparation for the 1964 CBIVA reunion there August 5, 6, 7 and 8. Having been there in 1959, we know what wonderful hosts they can be. Better mark those dates on your calendar, and plan to take a family vacation in Philly!

● Don't forget to tell your CBI acquaintances about Ex-CBI Roundup. We're always looking for new subscribers.



Reunion Pictures

● Meant to write earlier to let you know I enjoyed the reunion pictures in a recent issue. Although I've never been able to attend a CBI reunion, I do like to read about them. Perhaps I'll be able to make it to one yet.

STANLEY HEATON,
Reno, Nev.

Interesting Cover

● Being a railroad man, I thought your November cover was one of the most interesting in some time. Unfortunately I had not started my railroad career at the time I entered service—otherwise I would have been in one of the railway operating battalions of the Military Railway Service. As it happened, I ended up in the infantry.

CHARLES GUZMAN,
La Jolla, Calif.



IDOL at entrance of temple near Kunming, China. Photo by Naomi J. Kenward.

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LOOKING down Foch Avenue in Shanghai, China. Photo by Henry A. Piorkowski.

CBI Pipeline

● Would like to comment on the letter in the January issue by Edward Fainberg regarding the length of the CBI pipeline. I was with the 1381st E.P.D., and all members of this company were given a brochure entitled "Fuel for Freedom," the story of the building and operation of this pipeline. This states, in part: "The six-inch pipeline from Calcutta to Tinsuki is 750 miles long. A second six-inch high pressure line extends from Chittagong to Tinsuki, two four-inch lines and one six-inch line extend to Myitkyina, two four-inch lines to Bhamo, and one four-inch line goes on to advance bases beyond Kunming, China, making the total length of the line over 1,800 miles."

GORDEN PORTER,
Hamden, N.Y.

22nd Airways

● Recently noticed a letter in Air Force Times from Gerald F. Baumgardner, 579 Wala Vista Ave., Oakland, Calif., trying to locate all of the men of the 22nd Airways Detachment who went to Karachi in 1942 and served two to three years at Gaya, India. He was commanding officer of the group of 50 men and four officers; perhaps there are

men of the organization on the Roundup subscription list who might like to contact him. Plans are being made to hold a reunion.

MAX GORSMAN,
Wichita, Kans.

Enjoys Roundup

● Wanted to write you to say how much I have enjoyed Roundup; I have been receiving it for the past four years.

HAROLD E. WARD, JR.,
Kennebunk, Maine

Dr. C. C. Millett

● A recent article in the Omaha World-Herald tells of the death of Dr. Clinton C. Millett, 54, Omaha doctor who led the medical phase of the highly successful Sabin oral vaccine program in the city, apparently of a heart attack. A graduate of the University of Nebraska College of Medicine, he served as a lieutenant colonel in the Army from 1942 to 1945 and was in the China-Burma-India Theater. He is survived by his wife, two sons and three daughters.

WILLIAM DeLION,
Omaha, Nebr.

As We Saw It

● Get a great deal of enjoyment reading all the articles that are printed, and I especially get a kick out of some of the pictures that appear. I look at them and sometimes wonder if it really is as we saw it during the war years. Hope some day to make the convention.

CHAS. HILDRETH,
Meadville, Pa.



GENERALISSIMO and Madame Chiang Kai-shek with Lord Louis Mountbatten at Ramgarh Training Station in India, 1943. Photo by G. C. Wendle, M. D.



RELAXING in solid comfort on his "charpois" at Camp Kanchrapara, India, near Calcutta, is 1st Sgt. William Bellman. Photo by Ben F. Brannon.

Chinatown's Greatest

● Nothing before had ever brought forth a night in San Francisco's Chinatown as the recent Gung Hay Fat Choy Parade. One of the most perfect San Francisco nights weatherwise attracted a crowd into the route area estimated to number some 350,000 persons for the Chinese New Year's Parade February 22. A like number never reached the parade area as police were confronted by one of the largest traffic jams in the Bay Area history. Traffic on the Oakland-San Francisco Bay Bridge was backed up for a distance of eight miles incoming to San Francisco. The Bayshore Freeway was backed up for some 15 miles. Surely the CBI banner and basha flags and CBI patch were seen by the greatest number of people ever at one time. Nineteen members of the General George W. Sliney Basha turned out in Chinese dress and the entry was selected by the "All American Association of Contest Judges" as the best marching unit (civilian). The award: \$50 and trophy. National Commander Haldor Reinhold of Philadelphia was arrayed in all the splendor of an

ancient Chinese emperor complete with elephant tail fan. It was surely one of the great hours in the life of any national commander of the CBIVA. Saturday night, February 22, will long be remembered. Gung hay fat choy.

RAY KIRKPATRICK,
San Francisco, Calif.

Hate to Miss

● Enjoy the publication so much, would hate to miss even one issue.

GORDEN BROGDEN,
Traverse City, Mich.

Longest Pipeline

● In regard to the letter signed by Edward Fainberg of Baltimore, Md., about "The Longest Pipeline In the World," I always understood that the pipeline running from Calcutta, India, to Kunming, China, nearly 2,000 miles, was considered the longest. I served with the 775 E. P. D. Company. We constructed over 700 miles of pipeline, 73 tanks from 250 barrel size to 10,000 barrel size, 8 POLS and installed 49 pumps.

JOHN A. YASMER, Jr.,
Riverside, Calif.



WRECKAGE of railroad station in Myitkyina, Burma, in August 1945. Photo by A. M. Meade.

Return to India in 1964

Ex-CBI Roundup's **Return to India** in 1964 offers CBIs an opportunity to see again this exotic country, and to take along wives, husbands or friends who may or may not have believed all the stories they've heard about it ever since World War II.

For most of us, it has been almost 20 years since our CBI Service in this fascinating land. It's time to go back, if we're ever planning to do so.

As announced in the February issue, the tour will leave New York October 2. First stop, the following morning, will be in Amsterdam, Holland, where city sightseeing has been scheduled for October 3 and 4. This is the land of tulips and canals, windmills and wooden shoes, with good restaurants where food is prodigious and inexpensive. It is a city combining the old with the new.

Next stop is Calcutta, with arrival scheduled at 1500 hours on October 5. Two nights will be spent there. A full day of

sightseeing is scheduled October 6, including the Maidan, Fort William, Victoria Memorial and Museum, Jain Temple, Belur Math, Dakshinwer Temple, Botanical Garden and other places of interest. Once again you will see streets overflowing with a bustling humanity, and will dodge sacred white cows and bulls which roam at will through the streets. Once again you'll be back on impressive Chowringhee, the lovely wide avenue flanked on one side by shops and smart restaurants, and by greenery and reservoirs on the other.

Three hours by air on October 7 will take us to Kathmandu, Nepal, where we will spend the next two nights. Lying on the southern slope of Himalayas between Tibet and India, this country isolated by its rulers for centuries has recently been opened to tourists. This ancient village has a primitive charm with its carved wooden facades, numerous colorful temples, friendly unsophisticated natives and scenic backdrop of the snow-covered Himalayas.

On October 9 we will move on to Banares (Benares), the Holy City of the Hindus. This is a 3,000-year-old city with 1,500 temples, shrines and palaces—the most fascinating place in all India to witness a close-up of the life of the Indian people. It is also an ideal shopping place for hand made silk scarves, saris and brocades.

Most of October 10 will be spent sightseeing in Banares, with a Ganges River trip past the bathing and burning ghats, and such sights as the Sacred Bull, Well of Knowledge and Buried City of Sarnath. There will be a late afternoon flight to Agra, with moonlight visit to the Taj Mahal if weather permits.

A morning tour to the Taj Mahal is scheduled for October 11, and we will also visit mighty Agra Fort and the Palaces. The afternoon will be free to spend as each traveler desires.

On October 12 we will take a sightseeing excursion to Fatehpur Sikri, the Deserted City of Akbar and Tomb of Akbar at Sikandra. During the afternoon we will move on to Delhi.

Morning sightseeing at Delhi is scheduled for October 13, visiting the Jumma Masjid; Kasmere Gate, Flagstaff Tower and others. Sights in the afternoon will include Qutb Minar, Humayun's Tomb, Birla Temple, etc.

One of the highlights of this trip is the period of October 14 through October 20, a week left open for those taking the tour



QUTB MINAR, New Delhi, dating from the 12th century and beautifully fashioned out of 700-year-old red sandstone, is regarded as one of the most perfect towers in the world. Photo by Ben Brannon.

to travel anywhere they may wish. Everyone who served in India knows of some place he'd like to spend a few days, but it would be impossible to schedule each of these places on one tour. Leaving one week open makes it possible for everyone to take his choice.

Expenses of the week, of course, are not included in the tour price.

On October 21 we will all meet in Karachi, Pakistan, departing that place at 1145 hours. Plane fare from Delhi to Karachi is included in the price of the tour.

Next stop will be in Rome, Italy, with arrival scheduled at 0610 on October 22. There will be afternoon sightseeing that day—The Basilicas, ruins of the old Baths of Caracalla, Old Appian Way, Catacombs of St. Calixtus, Tomb of Cecilia Metella, and panoramic view of the Roman countryside.

There will be a full day of sightseeing in Rome on October 23. This will include Aurelian Walls, Villa Medici, the Spanish

steps, Vatican Galleries and Museums, Capitol Hill (Roman Forum and Palatine Hill), Basilica of St. Paul Outside the Walls, Colosseum, Church of St. Peter in Chains with the statue of Moses by Michelangelo, etc.

The morning of October 24 will be spent at leisure in Rome, and we will leave there at 1325 hours. There will be a brief stop in Amsterdam—about an hour and a half—and arrival in New York City is scheduled for 2015 that same day.

This is the tour arranged for you and your friends, and we think it is a terrific bargain at \$1,272 per person on a "double" basis. We hope you'll join us, and extend an invitation to your friends as well.

For further information write either Ex-CBI Roundup, P.O. Box 125, Laurens, Iowa, or D. W. Keyes, Vincennes Travel Service, 405 Main Street, Vincennes, Ind. But don't put it off—arrangements should be made soon.



TAJ MAHAL at Agra, India. Completed in 1650, it took 18 years to build during which time no other construction was allowed in Mughal India. The structure is completely of marble. Photo by Ben Brannon.

The China Air Task Force

The following article about the China Air Task Force (CATF) is a chapter from Anna Chennault's new book, CHENNAULT AND THE FLYING TIGERS (Paul S. Eriksson, Inc., New York; \$5.00). The book tells the story of the famous American general, Claire Lee Chennault, and of the daring and heroic men who were known as "The Flying Tigers"—the American Volunteer Group, the China Air Task Force and the Fourteenth Air Force.

By ANNA CHENNAULT

The China Air Task Force (CATF) replacing the AVG—a hard outfit to follow—had a short life, and not a very merry one. Its life span covered, however, an extremely important period in the history of World War II in China. It was a period which saw some of the best of the AVG warriors choose not to remain in China as members of the U.S. Armed Forces, preferring to return to the United States.

Many of the decisions of these men were influenced by the fear of renewed regimentation and the feeling that to "join up" would be knuckling under to the threats of General Bissell whose "invitation" to the AVG members had sounded to them more like a "join or else" threat.

The General, in his personal papers, said of the China Air Task Force: "It was patched together in the middle of combat from whatever was available in China during the gloomy summer of 1942. That was precious little. CATF, the stepchild

of the 10th Army Air Force in faraway Delhi, had to fight, scream and scrape for every man, airplane, spark plug and gallon of gasoline."

General Stilwell had promised Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek to replace the AVG with a full strength Air Force fighter group of four squadrons and 100 planes. On the change-over date agreed to by them, July 4, 1942, Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek found that he had exchanged the veteran AVG for three newly activated squadrons of the 23rd Fighter Group—a group that existed largely on paper. In cold actuality, the army supplied only a dozen green pilots and 20 clerks and mechanics. Everything else in the newly organized 23rd Group consisted of AVG equipment which had been bought and paid for by the Chinese. From the United States came no fighter planes, no trucks, no jeeps, no radios, no administrative or maintenance equipment—not even regulation uniforms. In fact, Army ground equipment for the 23rd Group did not reach India until a year later in the summer of 1943. It did not reach China until the next fall.

Claire Chennault preferred always to fight in the open for what he unhesitatingly believed to be right. However, faced with devious maneuvering, he "fought fire with fire" and resorted to a certain type of subterfuge. As he records in his memoirs: "The Fourth squadron for the group was acquired by subterfuge. The 16th Fighter Squadron of the Tenth Air Force, 51st Fighter Group was bogged down in the monsoon weather of India's Assam Valley where fighter operations were impossible during the summer. By inviting a single flight at a time to China for "experience" I lured the entire squadron to Peishiyi during June and July and never returned them.

"The 16th was well equipped with Kittyhawks (P-40E) and veteran pilots. After the departure of the AVG's these experienced pilots of the 16th—Johnny Alison, Ed Goss, Johnny Lombard, Harry Pike, Harry Young, and George Hazlett—furnished most of the CATF combat leaders. The 16th stayed on in China until the end of the war and fought through all the hottest actions along with the 74th, 75th and 76th squadrons of the 23rd Group."

Even the Japanese knew more about the true facts of the transition of AVG to CATF than did the American people. To cover up its strange dealings, the War Department slapped a heavy blanket of censorship over the transition. The excuse, of course, was the often-abused



GENERAL CHENNAULT at his desk in China.

ground of military security. Nightly, the Japanese radio blared accurate details of the transfer. The War Department, however, never stopped pretending that all had gone well with the AVG induction. As late as January 1945, the War Department informed the House Military Affairs Committee of Congress that 220 of 250 AVG personnel had been inducted into the Army in China on July 4, 1942. This in the face of official War Department records which still show that five staff officers, five pilots and 19 ground crew men accepted induction on that date.

Nevertheless, from this miserable beginning, the CATF—the only American Air Force fighter group activated in the middle of combat—the 23rd Fighter Group went on to become the backbone of the American Air Forces in China and one of the greatest fighter groups in the world. Along with the 5th Air Force's 49th Fighter Group, the 23rd shared the honor of being the longest group in continuous combat against the Japanese. During the three years of its history, the 23rd destroyed 941 enemy aircraft and maintained an air combat superiority of better than five to one.

During the summer of 1942 the total offensive fighter plane force available for the 23rd group were 51 war-weary veterans of the AVG—31 Tomahawks (P-40B's) and 20 Kittyhawks (P-40E's). Of these only 29 were flyable. At Stateside training fields all of these planes would have been hauled off to a salvage heap. In China they were expected to defeat the Japanese in the air. Not until the closing days of 1943 did the last P-40B of AVG vintage reach Kunming salvage depot. This was more than 2½ years after the AVG had been assembled in Rangoon.

Despite General Hap Arnold's often-repeated statement that only new planes were being sent to Army Air Force combat units, the replacement planes for China—when they finally reached there—were P-40K's that had already flown hundreds of hours in training schools and combat. Some, sent to China from North Africa, had swastikas painted on their cockpits testifying to their previous combat service against the German Luftwaffe. A year later, when the first North American Mustangs (P-51's) reached China, they had already undergone from 100 to 150 hours of training school battering in Stateside centers before Chennault's pilots received them for combat.

The Japanese, on the other hand, were coming out with at least one new fighter-type plane every year and generally managed to send two or three improved models against the Americans during

each fighting season in the East China campaign. Nevertheless, until the fall of 1944 the main American combat work in the air was done with P-40's.

General Chennault considered the P-40 a fair medium-altitude day fighter and an excellent low-flying ground strafing plane. But because Chennault had nothing else, his men used the P-40 for everything that an air force must do. Among the American pilots it was a joke that "if we only had a periscope we could use the P-40 as a submarine."

Although it had not been designed for night work, Chennault at times used the P-40 as a night fighter and a night bomber. It was the P-40 dive bombing with belly tanks loaded with rifle ammunition, rice and pork meat that brought the Chinese their first relief when their western armies ran low on food and ammunition. When a mechanic or staff officer had urgent business at outlying points throughout China, he wormed his way into the baggage hole of a P-40 and rode in constricted blackness to his destination.

A single P-40 plane with a borrowed RAF camera which had seen AVG service did all of the CATF's photo reconnaissance. The P-40 was, perhaps, the greatest all-purpose work-horse combat plane in history. When the newer P-51's finally arrived in the fall of 1944, Chennault's men were not sorry to see the old P-40's finally go. But to the Chinese, the shark-nosed P-40 plane would always be the symbol of their deliverance from the terror and horror of unrestricted Japanese bombing and of the sorely needed help that the American flyers gave to China in her hour of sorest need.

The short but active life of the China Air Task Force constitutes a record as incredible as that of its predecessor, the AVG. With a top fighting strength of forty fighter planes and seven bombers, the CATF confronted a Japanese Air Force totalling 350 to 450 planes spread over a 2,000 mile arc from Hankow through Hong Kong and Indo-China to Burma. Chennault's only defense was, as usual, good offense. The only hope for survival was in guerrilla tactics—using mobility and supplies to strike the Japanese all along their perimeter in a desperate attempt to prevent them from concentrating their forces for a knockout blow against China and the bases of the CATF.

During the early weeks of the CATF, a number of AVG veterans stayed on out of sheer loyalty and devotion. Of them—and of all the CATF—my husband spoke in terms of highest praise, often by name.

I remember his telling me of Colonel Robert Lee Scott, Jr. Bob, a West Pointer,

The China Air Task Force.

had come to China as a transport pilot. He became enamored of the life of a fighter pilot, and stayed on to fight valourously in the P-40's. He was another in the large group of southerners who always seemed especially attracted toward flying and the Flying Tiger type of flying in particular.

Bob Scott soon endeared himself to Chennault and to men by his selflessness and disregard of rank. He was a "bird" colonel who had been commander of the 78th Pursuit Squadron in Panama and had begun his Far Eastern career by ferrying supplies in DC-13's. After he joined Chennault, he insisted on demoting himself to a wing man in order to learn the Flying Tiger techniques. He went along on every strafing or bombing mission he could and after Bob Neale left on July 19, Bob Scott became commander of the 23rd Group.

Not all of the Army pilots to reach China came close to Colonel Scott in training or ability. Many paid for the inferior quality of the instruction they had received with their lives. They had little air gunnery practice, no navigating experience and a smattering of formation flying. Most had never flown a P-40. Five among the early arrivals confessed they were afraid to fly combat and were sent back to the Air Transport Command.

One group to arrive had been called from the 51st Group in India—the poorest of the bomber and transport pilots. These men were sent to China to be fighter pilots. Colonel Scott asked his group if

there were any with more than 300 hours flying time. Not a single hand was raised and the entire group was sent back to India that same afternoon. Green pilots were a tremendous liability. Chennault had neither the time, the gas, nor the planes to spend on training them in China. If they were sent into combat immediately, they jeopardized the lives of the veteran pilots by inability to hold formation and lack of flying ability.

However, a number of exceptional pilots reached China in 1942. Many of these were developed from a group of bright young West Pointers whom Clayton Bissell, a fanatic for meticulous staff work and detailed reports, had sent to China to bring Chennault's command a bit more of the West Point type of orderliness and spit and polish. But instead of doing this, they accepted the AVG combat tradition and became fighter pilots.

Among the best were Colonel Clinton B. (Casey) Vincent of Natchez, Miss., who had been sent to China to be Chennault's chief of staff. To season him, Chennault sent him into some of the hottest battles over East China during which he shot down six enemy planes. He learned fast and well and a year later, at the age of 29, he became the youngest general in the Army Air Force and the second youngest in the United States Army. He commanded the East China Task Force.

Another officer, Colonel Bruce Holloway, selected by Clayton Bissell to be the CATF operations officer, likewise became an expert fighter pilot. In a few weeks the slim, slow-speaking Tennessean had learned just about all that General Chennault could teach him. During the year, Bruce Holloway ran up a score of 13 Japanese planes shot down and wore himself to a frazzle. Chennault sent him home for a rest despite his violent protests. Later, he commanded the first jet-propelled group in the AAF.

General Chennault was a natural leader. One factor in the incredibly high morale of his men under extremely adverse conditions was the appreciation he poured on them for good performance. This is exemplified by his comments to a foreign correspondent on the heroic performance of his men, including his great ace, Bob Neale, in the hectic days of the air-battle for Rangoon: "On Wednesday (Feb. 25, 1942), three of my boys shot down four Japanese pursuits in 10 minutes during one battle, and forced 23 others to run. The boys just charged into the Japanese formation and broke it up.

"In another battle on the same day a handful of AVG planes, outnumbered almost 10 to one, routed a formation of 40 Japanese planes. Within 30 minutes, 18 Japanese fighters and one bomber



THE GENERAL has an informal talk with a group of his men.

were definitely shot down. Seven more were probably shot down. The Japanese then ran.

"You should have seen Bob Neale. He didn't sleep for two days and two nights, but he kept going somehow. What a guy! He's a wild man in the air, that guy. His plane was an awful mess. He landed it with both tires flat and never even cracked it up. The windshield and instrument panel were all shot up, and there were 17 bullet holes in the tail. I don't see how he got down."

Bob Neale had the greatest number of confirmed kills of all of Chennault's brilliant fighter pilots.

Among the many colorful men associated with Chennault in China was Merian C. Cooper whom Chennault described as: "A character from the Hollywood movies he once directed." Colonel Cooper had been a combat pilot in World War I. He had also organized the Polish Kosciuszko squadron to help Poland fight against the Russian Red Army in 1920. Cooper was the only American besides George Washington and Abraham Lincoln to have a life-size statue of him erected in Warsaw.

On an intelligence mission to Russia by way of China, Cooper was stalled in Chungking waiting for a Russian visa that, because of the long Soviet memory, never came. One day, Cooper appeared at Peishiyi, carrying his bed roll. He announced that he was tired of sitting around in Stilwell's Chungking theater headquarters and wanted a job with a group that was fighting. He stayed on, proved himself a brilliant tactician and a prodigious worker, assisting Chennault in engineering some of the most successful CATF forays. He used to ride in the nose of the lead bomber peering over the bombardier's shoulder, during strikes he had previously planned.

Cooper, no diplomat, made little attempt to hide his contempt for the Stilwell-Bissell policy of weak defense in India and neglect of the excellent strategic possibilities of striking closer to the Japanese homeland by intelligent use of air power in China. Bissell began urging Cooper's return to the U. S. on the grounds of ill health, and finally persuaded Stilwell to issue the necessary orders to send him back to Washington. There Colonel Cooper continued to tell the true story of the Stilwell-Chennault situation to anybody who would listen. He knew that by doing so he was sacrificing all chance for promotion. Later, General George Kenney recommended Cooper many times for a general's star but it seemed that the War Department's memory was as long as the Russian's! Colonel Cooper had committed the un-

pardonable crime of being frank and truthful about a situation Stilwell and his superior officers were trying to becloud with censorship.

Another outstanding member of the fine group of World War II flying aces Chennault was fortunate enough to have with him at this time was Johnny Alison. Major John R. Alison, of Micanopy, Fla., had originally been sent to England in the spring of 1941 to train British pilots in the P-40. Later he was assigned to Russia to train Russian pilots. Finally he obtained clearance for combat duty and arrived in Kunming by way of India.

Johnny Alison, a slightly built young man, had courage and determination. One of the many victories won by Chennault's Flying Tigers was engineered and brilliantly carried out by Alison. In doing so, however, he very nearly lost his life.

When Alison arrived in Hengyang, assigned to the 75th Fighter Squadron as deputy to the commanding officer, Major David L. ("Tex") Hill, there appeared to be nothing happening. But the lull was short-lived. On the second night after Johnny's arrival, the far-flung Chinese warning net reported heavy engine noise heading toward Hengyang. Johnny Alison and the other fighter pilots went outside the hostel to watch. For 10, 15, 18 minutes they heard and saw nothing, but the warning net was always most accurate and they waited expectantly. There was the chance that the bombers might not be heading for Hengyang, but the odds were that Hengyang was the target for tonight.

Finally, they heard the bombers coming—a deep drone that grew to a roar as the heavy bombers passed overhead in the dark night sky. The Americans had not made a steady practice of trying to knock out night bombers. The P-40 was not a night fighter and the precious planes were well hidden and camouflaged. When the Japanese did attack by night they usually managed to plaster only the dummy P-40s staked out on dummy airfields near the real airfields.

As Johnny Alison watched the bombers move overhead dropping their eggs of death, he could clearly see fire jetting out from the engine exhausts. The exciting idea of rising to meet the bombers and being able to locate them by the visible exhaust flashes came to him and he made known his idea to the others, "Tex" Hill, Captain Albert T. "Ajax" Baumler, and others. Baumler, an experienced fighter pilot who had fought in the Spanish Civil War also thought night interception was feasible.

Since the P-40's were not equipped for

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night fighting, elaborate preparations were necessary. Alison and Baumler and several other pilots gave considerable thought to the problem and the plans they would use when and if the Japanese bombers came over again. A night or two passed without the din of a tin can being beaten with a stick by a coolie—the usual announcement of an impending night air raid. Nevertheless, the boys were ready and on the third night the coolie beating the tin can roused them from their mosquito netting-draped bunks. Dressing as they ran, the pilots raced for their P-40's.

They climbed into the dark cockpits, turned on the switches for battery and generator, and peered at the gauges, levers and switches.

They were hard to read by the dim cockpit lights designed for emergency use. One by one, the long in-line Allison engines coughed and came alive with a roar that could be heard ten miles. One by one, the dark green fighters with the grinning red and white teeth of the shark's mouth painted behind the air scoop raced down the runway. At about 100 miles an hour the planes began to bounce and the pilots pulled back on their sticks, sending the straining fighters zooming into the dark night sky. They climbed steadily at about 150 miles an hour, circling to their left by prearrangement, as they rose to meet the bombers that the field radio told them were still heading straight towards Hengyang.

Up they climbed—9,000 feet, 10,000 feet, and at 12,000 feet Alison levelled off. It was too dark to spot Ajax Baumler or the others and he began to circle, straining to see through the darkness. Suddenly the radio began to emit strange beeping noises, garbling the voice of the operator in the radio shack on the ground. The last words he heard were: "Three twin-engined bandits coming in from north to south . . ." then a break, and " . . . looks like they are making a turn to come back." The Japanese jam-

ming closed in and he could hear no more. Suddenly, he spotted the bombers. Small bluish-white lights were streaking from the exhaust pipes.

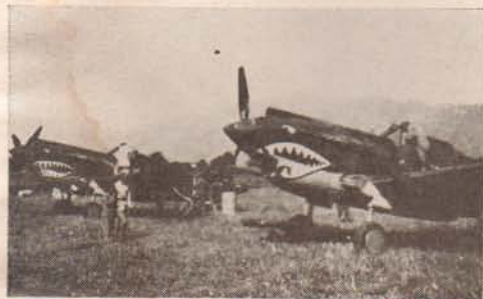
Alison and Baumler closed on the enemy immediately. Alison was nearest and attacked the first wave of three enemy bombers, flying in V-formation. As he brought the left-flying bomber squarely in his gunsight, he saw flashes of light to his right as the bomber flying to the right and rear of the lead bomber opened fire. Alison's P-40 was hit repeatedly as the Jap's shells crashed through the fuselage, cockpit, and engine. Alison simultaneously pressed his gun trigger, releasing all of his six .50 caliber guns, each loaded with 300 rounds of mixed tracer and armor-piercing bullets. It was a desperate gamble now. Could the P-40, with shells from the bomber on the right thudding through it, cripple the bomber in his sight ring before it—or Alison—was fatally hit.

The P-40 with its heavier fire power won. The bomber ahead streamed oil and black smoke and suddenly veered off wildly to the left, out of formation. Ajax Baumler, coming in behind Alison, kept the falling bomber in his gun sight and finished him off.

Alison immediately banked his faltering fighter to the right and attacked the bomber that had been firing upon him. After a few bursts from his battery of heavy fifties, which were returned, the bomber veered crazily off-course as a wing tank blew up in a great blast of yellow fire.

The third bomber, leading the V, had continued steadily on its course, and was now dropping bombs. Alison knew his time was running out. His cockpit and controls were shot up and smoke was beginning to trail from his knocking engine. Nevertheless, Johnny went after the third bomber. He rapidly overhauled it in his faster P-40, and again pressed the trigger. These were crucial seconds, as he carefully aimed his guns. His engine was now bucking and the entire plane was vibrating from the stricken engine. With his last few rounds of ammunition, Alison saw pieces fly off the lead bomber, then a bright orange flash. The bomber rolled completely out of control and plunged down, streaming fire. Several crew members managed to bail out, but some died anyhow, for their parachutes were on fire.

Now Johnny Alison's problem was to stay alive. He was approaching a dark field in a stricken airplane, but knowing the importance of preserving any aircraft capable of being landed, he began his last desperate gamble of a desperate evening. He would ride the dying fighter



A FEW of the P-40's used by the China Air Task Force.

in. The engine was now smoking and burning and as he reached 3,000 feet or so the engine suddenly went dead. In an eerie silence Alison grimly fought the partially jammed controls, trying to bring the P-40 in at the required landing speed of at least 100 miles an hour. To do this, he had to dive steeply and pull out just in time to make a deadstick landing. Difficult enough in daylight, this was almost impossible over a darkened field at night.

He almost made it. At the last moment, by the light of the moon he knew he would never be able to land on this run and through sheer instinct, although the engine had died minutes before, he pulled back on the stick and thrust the throttle forward.

Oddly, the engine coughed, seemed to catch—then spewed flame. It looked for a second or so that he would have enough momentum to carry him over the trees lining the field near the river. But the engine died again and there was no momentum left to come around for another try for a field landing. Johnny did not want to cross the river and smash into thickly populated Hengyang. There was only one thing to do and he did it. Narrowly missing a bridge, he pancaked down into the dark cold river, struggled out of the cockpit and, burdened by heavy clothing, began to swim toward the shore. He was semi-conscious, for upon impact he had cracked his forehead on his instrument panel and his face was streaming blood.

The Siang River was about 200 feet wide at the point where Alison ditched. Dimly, he could see a raft tied to the town side of the river and desperately he began to swim toward it, dimly outlined in the light of the moon. Heavily weighted down with clothing, he found it tough going in his somewhat shocked and dazed condition.

A young Chinese boy came out and helped pull Johnny onto the raft and then from the raft to the river bank. Here, three Chinese soldiers were waiting with their bayonets pointed at him. They did not of course, know in the dark, whether he was an American or a Japanese survivor from the air battle that all had witnessed.

Alison pulled out a small Chinese flag, waved it, and spoke the few Chinese words he knew saying that he was a "Mei-gwo-Ren" an American. Finally the Chinese soldiers were satisfied that he was not a Japanese and took him to a small house where he rested while the tension flowed out of him. He made his way, early the next morning, back across the river and on to the flying field.

Meanwhile, Tex Hill, another great fly-

ing ace of World War II, enraged by what he thought was the death of Johnny Alison, had roared into the skies with his team mates, as another Japanese attack came. This wave of enemy planes—forty zero fighters—was apparently seeking revenge for the destruction of four of the six Japanese bombers the preceding evening. Never daunted by great odds, ten P-40's led by Tex, had risen to plow into the 40 attacking Zeros.

At this point there occurred one of the first Kamikaze dive bombing attacks of World War II. Tex Hill, enraged and blazing with raw courage, had just finished heading his P-40 straight for an enemy Zero. On collision course the two planes roared toward each other and Tex Hill was the one that did not budge.

The Japanese plane gave ground and began to trail smoke. He went into a spiral above the town. Apparently the pilot, mortified by his failure to meet Tex Hill head on and still alive and knowing his plane was doomed, had deliberately headed his Zero straight down for the American airfield in a screaming, smoke-trailing dive. Ironically, when he crashed with a great explosion into what he thought was a group of American planes, all he had succeeded in doing was killing himself and destroying some of the fake P-40's staked out on the dummy airfield.

The final sequel to the story of Johnny Alison's narrow escape from death occurred 20 years later, in the United States, long after the end of World War II, when Johnny Alison was introduced to a fellow member of his company, the Northrup Corporation, a Ph.D. named Tsien. "We've met!" said Dr. Tsien. He was the same Chinese boy who many years before had pulled the bleeding, shocked American pilot out of the Siang River after his amazing night's work in the dark skies over Hengyang. Of this, Johnny Alison said recently: "It is still incredible when I think that out of 600 million or more Chinese this one random individual who gave me a hand in the backwoods of China is today a doctor of philosophy and a top engineer in the company for which I work."

I have previously recounted the flaming spirit of Colonel Ed Rector who refused to break off an attack on Japanese bombers, even when the bombers had turned tail and were scuttling for safety. This never-give-up spirit was typical of Ed Rector and his career was one of the brightest of all of Chennault's brilliant young pilots.

The numerical odds which the CATF faced were staggering. With a top fighting strength of 40 fighters and seven bombers, the CATF faced a Japanese Air

The China Air Task Force

Force totalling 350 to 450 planes dotted along a 2,000-mile arc from Hankow through Hong Kong and Indo-China to Burma. Its only defense was a good offense. The only hope for survival lay in employing mobility and surprise—striking the Japanese all along their perimeter to prevent them from concentrating their forces against the CATF for a knockout blow.

The CATF'S best fighter pilots were in the 75th Squadron under "Tex" Hill, the 75th commanded by Ed Rector, and the 16th. These squadrons, along with the Mitchells of the 11th Bomb Squadron, were organized into an extremely mobile air task-force capable of striking anywhere in China within 48 hours. Even General Chennault's headquarters was organized to fit into a DC-3, continue operations in flight, and be ready for action within an hour after landing.

But vital though organization and mobility were, the single most important ingredient was the caliber of the men doing the fighting. The same spirit that sent "Tex" Hill up to avenge the supposed death of Johnny Alison, kept "Tex" on with the China Air Task Force when, like most of the other AVG fighters, he could have left for other better paying employment. "Tex", a former Navy torpedo and dive bomber pilot had no love for the Army. He stayed with General Chennault merely "because somebody has to finish this dirty job" and during the critical days of the China Air Task Force he wore himself to a frazzle.

Throughout most of the summer of 1942, "Tex" flew with acute malaria. But the enemy would never have believed they were facing a sick man. During the Japanese air blitz against Hengyang, "Tex" flew to Hankow alone at night to dive-bomb the airdrome. Hankow was then the most heavily defended Japanese base in China, and "Tex's" one man air raid kept the Japs too busy to bomb Hengyang that night.

Of "Tex" Hill, my husband once told me, "It was his type of leadership that kept a strong AVG flavor in the CATF and 14th Air Force and made so many pilots and ground crews in China continue to work and fight so hard when everything else went wrong and all other motives lost force and meaning."

Another great fighter pilot was Johnny Hampshire, whose brief career was comet-like in its brilliance, and sudden extinguishment. Johnny Alison, in a recent letter to me, told the saga of Johnny Hampshire: "There are a number of stories concerning events and personalities in the China Air Task Force and 14th Air Force which have human interest

value but for one reason or another have received little publicity.

"While I was in China, a young fellow from Grant's Pass, Ore., was perhaps the top pilot and potentially the greatest ace of the war. There is no question but that he intended to be the war's greatest ace. Unfortunately, this kind of determination had written a brilliant but brief chapter in the history of aerial warfare.

"His name was John Hampshire and he reported to my squadron in the Fall of 1942, after General Chennault had made a special plea to General Arnold to send reinforcements who were experienced. John was with a group of experienced P-40 pilots who had been flying patrol in the Caribbean out of Panama. They were all good and contributed materially to the strength of the young 14th Air Force. John was an attractive boy, always laughing, with a competitive spirit which made him want to win at everything.

"When each new pilot reported to duty with my squadron I personally took them up and tested their skill in formation flying, formation acrobatics and individual combat, although individual combat with the Japanese was highly unprofitable and forbidden by Chennault because of the superior maneuverability of the Zero. Simulated dog fighting between two P-40's gave me a good appraisal of the other pilot's skill. When I first flew with Hampshire his capability in formation was exceptional. Although it was relatively easy for me to best most of my pilots in individual combat because of my senior experience, not so with young Captain Hampshire. On our first try it was all I could do to keep from being resoundingly defeated. I held my own on my honor but I recognized that here was a pilot of unusual skill.

"When we landed I congratulated him and then turned to his crew chief who had met us at the airplane. When I asked him what had been the condition of Captain Hampshire's fuel tanks prior to take-off, Hampshire broke into loud laughter. The crew chief admitted that he had been forbidden to completely fuel the airplane on orders of the captain. Although in these contests I had a rule that the aircraft would be completely fueled, as the weight of the fuel made a considerable difference in the performance of the aircraft, I joined in the laughter. It was obvious that this presumptuous newcomer to the squadron had tried to pull a fast one on me. But I admired, and was pleased to have as a member of the squadron, an officer with an overwhelming desire to win. I was sure this would

come in handy in our contest with the Japanese, and it certainly did.

"In addition to being an expert pilot, Hampshire was a rare combination of pilot and gunner. On two clearly defined occasions there were Japanese on my tail, shooting, and I was a pleased witness to Hampshire's marksmanship as I watched them explode. Seeing a Zero explode was always an exhilarating sight, but it is not hard to explain the pleasure that results from witnessing one explode when you are full of fear that he is about to shoot you down.

"Another example of Hampshire's excellent marksmanship occurred one day over Lingling. At this time I had turned command of the squadron over to Major Ed Goss and he recounted this incident to me. The Japanese brought a reconnaissance bomber across the airfield at about 10,000 feet heavily escorted by fighters. Over the field the bomber opened its bomb bay doors and released a shower of leaflets challenging us to a fair fight.

"I wished I had saved one of these leaflets as it was worded in a stilted Japanese manner stating something to the effect that they admired us for coming so far from our home to fight in this hopeless struggle; that they recognized that the Imperial Japanese Fighter Command was the greatest in the world and therefore they challenged us to a fair fight.

"These words were no sooner out of the bomber's bomb bay when it exploded in the midst of its fighter escort and the pieces came tumbling to the ground around our air base. Goss describes the incident thusly. Our fighters had gotten separated in trying to make contact with the enemy and Goss was overtaking the formation from the rear as they started on their leaflet run over the airstrip.

"He was closing in, and actually had the bomber in his gunsight, when, before he had a chance to pull the trigger, the bomber exploded in the characteristically spectacular manner the Japanese aircraft had when six 50-caliber machine guns registered a direct hit. While the squadron commander was coming up for a shot from the rear, Hampshire approached the enemy fighters from directly ahead and picked their bomber right from the center of the protection of the Imperial Japanese Fighter Command. The 'world's finest fighter pilots' also lost some Zeroes that day and although we lost Lt. Berle Barnum, it was a good contest. I don't know whether the Japanese considered it a fair fight but they never tried another leaflet raid.

"Approximately three weeks after this incident I had an opportunity to spend a few days with the squadron. At this time

I was the deputy group commander. Major Goss had received a special assignment from General Chennault and I had the good fortune of replacing him on a temporary basis which gave me an opportunity to spend a few days with the troops of the 75th. Flying and fighting with a group of men for almost a year develops a strong attachment. I looked forward to this visit with great anticipation.

"I had been with the squadron only a day or two when our telephone air raid warning net reported a group of 47 Zeroes approaching our airdrome. During the previous few days we had been sitting around telling each other how good we were, perhaps stretching the truth a little. I'm sure we weren't nearly so good as we thought we were but it is terribly important for the fighter pilot to feel that way about his business. Hampshire had a great sense of humor and was always kidding.

"The Japanese employed a peculiar squirrel cage kind of formation when they made a fighter attack on our airdromes and on this occasion Hampshire stated his intent to join the formation and not come out until he either broke it up or was shot down. He then invited me to join him and made me a wager that I would chicken out before he did. He was kidding me about this as we walked out to our airplanes and took off as the warning net reported the 47 airplanes coming down from the north.

"On this day the 75th squadron had 16 airplanes in commission manned by pilots seasoned with almost a year of combat. Sixteen P-40's with expert pilots against only 47 Zeroes appeared to us to be kind of unfair because in the earliest days of the war we had been outnumbered sometimes as high as ten to one. On this day we were all in good spirits and anticipated giving the Japs a resounding beating.

"I positioned the 16 airplanes above and to one side of our airdrome at 18,000 feet. I don't know what happened to the Japanese formation but the 47 aircraft stopped some distance away and 10 or 15 came forward on a reconnaissance. They crossed our airdrome at about 5,000 feet below us and I thought this must be a trap. I waited for a few minutes until reports from the warning net indicated that the rest of the formation was not going to commit itself and then we attacked. Either my aim was poor or the Japanese pilot I engaged was skillful, because I failed to score after expending considerable ammunition. Everyone became scattered in the melee and then five of the pilots assembled on my wing and I started north to engage the main

body of the formation which, according to reports, was retreating back to Hankow. In-flight reports told of about five or six Zeroes claimed in the action. Hampshire came up on my wing and reported one kill and stated that I could find the wreckage one mile north off the north end of our runway—and there it was when we went out to investigate. This was Hampshire's fifth air-to-air fight and this airplane was his 13th victory. Although his life was ended a few short minutes later, I was able to confirm his 14th victory in his fifth air-to-air engagement before a lucky or skillful shot ended his life.

"As I led my small formation north there was lots of excitement and chatter on the radio. Hampshire, kidding as always, was wagering I would never overtake the Japanese. About 100 miles north of our airfield I encountered a huge thunderstorm and I let down to about 500 feet to pass underneath it. As I let down, I saw three Zeroes hugging the ether ahead and making for home. I said a few words of constraint to the five pilots with me, hoping they would stay back and let me get a shot. As we bored in, Hampshire went underneath and pulled up in front of me while I was firing and we both missed the leader of the enemy formation; however, his two wing men who were tucked in tight both hit the ground simultaneously.

"It was a spectacular start and I was so intent on the three sitting ducks that I failed to see a larger formation of Japanese above us. They attacked: there was adequate confusion and lots of screams and laughter on the radio. It was over in a few short minutes and we returned to our base. When we counted noses Hampshire was missing.

"We were fighting over the edge of a broad river which emptied into a lake near the city of Changsha. One of our pilots had seen an aircraft dive vertically into the lake; another one contradicted this and stated that the airplane had landed in the water near the river bank and that the aircraft looked as though it were a P-40. There was some confusion, as the pilot who saw the aircraft go vertically into the water was sure it was a Zero while the pilot who saw the aircraft land in the water felt that it was a P-40.

"The confusion was cleared up shortly after we landed at our own base. I received a wire from the Chinese command post in the Changsha area. It was brief and shocking. Overcoming the difficulties in a manner of expression, the wire said simply: 'American pilot landed in

river. Hit in stomach, guts running out. Send doctor quick.'

"I don't have the talent or the understanding to explain the emotion that went through the hearts of John Hampshire's friends. One of his most devoted friends was our flight surgeon, Ray Spritzler, who announced that he was going to John's assistance. The matter of transporting him was solved when someone suggested that we stuff him in the baggage compartment of one of our fighters and have him jump out in the vicinity of where John went down. At this time and under the stress and emotion I did not realize how hazardous and how foolish such a venture might be. I consented and we made the doctor as comfortable as possible in the uncomfortable and cramped quarters of a fighter baggage compartment which was not designed to accommodate a human being. The door was removed and a signal arranged between the pilot, Lt. Joe Griffins, and Ray which would tell the doctor when he was over the proper area. A signal such as wobbling the wings or shaking the aircraft had to be used for there was no way for the pilot and doctor to communicate.

"We saw them off and it was not until they departed into the northern sky where storms had begun to gather that I think I realized this might not be a good idea. I grew truly fearful when, a few minutes after their departure, we received a second wire from the Chinese stating that Hampshire had died. We tried to reach Griffins on the radio but electrical disturbances caused by thunder squalls to the north made this impossible.

"I spent an anxious hour or so waiting for them to return and finally just at dark we got a report from our warning net that a lone airplane was approaching the vicinity of our airport. At this time we did not know it, but Griffins did run into severe weather and had been unable to reach Changsha and the doctor was still stuffed in the baggage compartment of the fighter.

"Our warning net, although it gave us excellent intelligence was often not exact and after dark landmarks on the Chinese countryside were not distinguishable. In this part of China there were no electrical systems or electric lights. Our runway was outlined with a thin row of smudge pots fueled by tung oil. Their feeble light would give a pilot the outline of the runway for landing but they could not be seen much more than a mile from the airport.

"We heard Griffins' airplane droning through the dark and although we tried to reach him on the radio and give him directions the intensity of the static made

this impossible. Hours passed and there were no reports. I computed the time when they would run out of fuel and after this my heart really sank. I composed a wire to Chennault stating that I had lost another airplane and possibly another good pilot and my doctor because of my own poor judgement. I decided to wait out the night as I was in hopes that before morning we would have a report as to where the airplane had crashed and I was hoping for some miracle to insure the safety of two good friends who were risking their lives for another good friend whom they couldn't save. I prayed for forgiveness for my stupidity and I prayed for a little help.

"Morning came and still no word and several hours after we had manned our aircraft down on the flight line I decided that I had no alternative to letting General Chennault know how stupid I had been. I was composing my wire when someone shouted "Here they come" and a fighter airplane touched down on the airfield and taxied up to the line. When it swung around everybody could see the doctor's face sticking out of the baggage compartment, grinning from ear to ear.

"What had happened was almost incredible. The night before they had been completely lost and Griffins, the pilot almost out of gas, had made the decision to abandon the airplane. Before he gave the signal to jump he happened to spy a cluster of small lights on the ground. Because there was no electricity, any group of lights probably meant a village. Joe reasoned that there might be a telephone in the village and that if he circled it, this would be reported to the Chinese warning net and at least we at the base would have a fix on where he and the doctor had abandoned their aircraft.

"As he circled the group of lights he noticed to his amazement a long stream of fire flare up nearby. He went over to investigate and it was apparent from the pattern of the flames that the Chinese below had set fire to a field, expecting him to land. He quickly lowered his landing gear because there was precious little fuel remaining, lined up with the flames and put his airplane down not knowing whether there were holes or barriers artificial or otherwise. To his amazement he hit in a smooth area and the airplane rolled to a stop without incident.

"When he dismounted from the cockpit he found himself in the hands of friendly Chinese who were overjoyed to see him. This particular village had an old abandoned emergency airstrip of which we had absolutely no knowledge. The Chinese are a smart people and when they heard the aircraft circling overhead knew the

pilot was in trouble. Quickwittedly they opened a drum of aviation gasoline and rolled it down the center of the airstrip and then set fire to the spilled gasoline forming a more than adequate night lighting system for Griffins' approach. Ray Spritzler and Joe Griffins spent a thankful night with the Chinese and the next morning, after refueling from an emergency cache of gasoline, they set out for home. The reason we didn't hear from them was because this village was completely out of communication with the outside world.

"Looking back, I can distinguish between the foolish and the brave. It is of no use to dwell on how you would behave if you had to do it over because the chance will never come. I remember John Hampshire for the brave and wonderful man that he was. I remember the doctor who was perhaps even braver in a different way, and how Joe Griffins and the doctor made futile plans to help a good friend who was beyond help. I have great pride in these men and their memories and in spite of our mistakes I don't think even if we had the chance to do it over again we'd do it any differently."

—THE END



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An Editor Visits India

This is the fifth in a series of several articles by a Kansas newspaper man, which were written during his recent visit to India. The author is editorial page editor of The Hutchinson News, daily newspaper published at Hutchinson, Kan.

By JOHN P. HARRIS

CALCUTTA—In Bombay somehow the sacred cows have been barred from the center of the city. In Calcutta the down-bred, gray and white Brahmas with the humps on their necks, infiltrate everywhere. In Bombay countless people sleep on the sidewalks at night. In Calcutta they sleep on the sidewalks daytime as well. In Bombay the spectacle of poverty is always present. In Calcutta it is overpowering.

It can't be exaggeration to say that for at least half a million in Calcutta the streets are their home. Here they not only sleep. They procreate, suckle their youngest, send their five-year-olds about to beg, and turn the elders loose to fend for themselves.

Beasts of Burden

Patiently they sit for hours waiting for odd jobs as beasts of burden. Most of Calcutta's merchandise and freight is moved on top of men's heads, balanced from the ends of poles suspended by sagging shoulders, or pushed slowly along on two-wheeled carts, by men singly or in groups, depending on the weight of the loads.

On the streets the homeless set up their shoe shine boxes. Eat the food they have bought in open markets, sometimes building small fires at the base of buildings to provide themselves with a hot meal. Spread out on the ground the tiny stocks of merchandise they have to sell. Conduct their trade as barbers, squatting to apply their razors to customers sitting cross-legged in front of them. Gather in groups to sit on their heels to gamble or to gossip. Scrub their clothes, removing one garment at a time, in the water from small sidewalk hydrants.

Add these domestic activities to the throngs of pedestrians and the sidewalks of Calcutta are crowded. The streets are more crowded still, with conveyances of every kind that are impervious to any rules of the road and are determined to reach their destination as soon as possible, at whatever risk.

There are ancient streetcars that wobble along with not only all standing room taken but with half a dozen standing on each step, clinging to one another to

keep from falling off, but comforted by the fact they are beyond the reach of the fare collector. Bullock carts inching their way along. Hackney coaches, drawn by teams of dispirited ponies, and looking exactly like miniature versions of the stagecoaches you saw on the TV westerns last night.

Barefoot on Asphalt

Add to the maze hundreds of rickshaws with barefooted men, even though the heat makes the tar on the streets so hot and soft your shoes are almost pulled off as you try to walk across it, trotting along between the shafts. Buses that are as completely crowded as the trams. Sacred cows that refuse to get out of the way of anything. Trucks belching villainous fumes.

Pedicabs which are rickshaws with a bicycle mechanism attached to the front. Jaywalking pedestrians. Head porters. Horsedrawn carriages which appear on the verge of falling to pieces. Taxis, but not many, since so few here can afford them. Cars which must average more than 10 years in age. Traffic policemen who spend their time vainly blowing whistles and moving rapidly to avoid being run down.

Yesterday and Tomorrow

The crush and confusion, the dirt and disease, the mass of humanity on the streets of Calcutta are a spectacular sight. But only to tourists. The merchants from their open front shops, the women and children from the narrow balconies of their miserable apartments on the several floors above, observe it all with an air of boredom that comes close to abjection.

And why not? The scene is the same as it was yesterday, and will be tomorrow and next year. Moreover, it is hot. Yesterday 97 with 95 per cent humidity. But by next month it will be 10 or 15 degrees hotter than that and will continue to be until the summer rains fall.

* * *

CALCUTTA—As one American husband says to another from time to time, "It isn't the cost of a wife, it's the upkeep." Indian husbands have it much better, although I suspect they don't know when they are well off.

To begin with, an Indian wife doesn't cost anything. On the contrary, she brings a dowry with her. Also if her parents are affluent, her own jewels. A large diamond implanted on one side of her nose, because she thinks it much more beautiful there than it would be set in a ring

on her finger, and various gold ornaments. Since the latter are 22 or 24 carat, they are as good as gold, which is considerably better than rupees.

After acquisition, the upkeep on an Indian wife is negligible. This is because the Indians have such an ancient and sophisticated civilization that they are impervious to style. Wives' costumes never are out of date. If they complained they had nothing to wear, they would not be chastised for it, but would be met only with scornful silence, or the rejoinder that in this event they'd better stay home.

Indian women wear saris. They have been wearing them for so many centuries that when the few emancipated ones among them get into dresses, the dresses always look as though they didn't fit. On the other hand, sari wearing is such a subtle art that when any western woman wraps herself into one, she looks like a fool.

Cotton to Silk

The sari may be of anything from the cheapest cotton to the richest silk. In any event it will be a strip of fabric about a meter wide and five meters long. It is wrapped around the waist with the end of it thrown over one shoulder. There is still surplus length either to dangle gracefully or to put around the head as a hood. The off-shoulder is covered with a blouse so short that there usually is two or three inches of nice, brown skin showing between the bottom of it and the wrapping around the waist. Whether anything else is included in the attire, other than sandals, how is a stranger to know?

High Art

There is high art to the wrapping of a sari. Twist it one way and it becomes as concealing as a nun's habit. Wind it another and there is little doubt in the mind of a beholder that there is the fine figure of an Indian woman beneath.

Saris, however, are not the only reason the upkeep on an Indian wife is no burden to her spouse. She may be a slave to her husband, but she isn't to her beautician.

She may have plenty of servants, but she still has enough work to do around the home to insure her of a good complexion. She uses few cosmetics, and those poorly. Something should be done about the pink lipstick for which she has a current fondness. It looks ludicrous against her dark skin.

Divinity Accepted

Then there is her hair. Even if her husband would permit, she is not one to delight in a do which takes redoing every week and feel the need for a different do every month or so. Her gods gave her

long, straight black hair, and who is she to tamper with divinity?

On the contrary, she takes the greatest pride in it. As her distaff ancestors have done for time reckoning, she parts it in the center, combs it straight back on each side, and plaits it into a long braid that hangs down the center of her back. If it is long enough for her to sit on the end of it, she feels no end superior to her sisters whose hair hangs no longer than their sacroiliacs.

From a utilitarian viewpoint, Indian wives offer many fine examples for American women. Saris, anyone?

—THE END

Famous CBI Unit Is Back on Active Duty

From Air Force Times

McCONNELL AFB, Kan.—One of the most famous units in Air Force history returned to active duty recently when the 388th Tactical Fighter Wing (TAC) at McConnell is renamed the 23d Tactical Fighter Wing (TAC), a unit more commonly known as the Flying Tigers.

At a parade and review, the colors and honors of the 388th were retired and the 23d brought back to life. Among the military and civilian dignitaries scheduled to attend the event were Lt. Gen. Bruce K. Holloway, deputy commander of U.S. Strike Command.

While with the 23d in 1942-43 and early 44, General Holloway, serving as operations officer and later its commander, became one of America's first World War II air aces with 13 enemy planes to his credit.

The 23d was first activated as a fighter group on July 4, 1942, under the command of Brig. Gen. (then Colonel) Robert L. Scott, Jr. It was made up primarily of the men and equipment of the Flying Tigers, of American Volunteer Group.

When first placed on active duty with the Army Air Corps, the 23d was equipped with P-40 Warhawk fighters. From this, the wing has moved to the F-105. In between came the P-51 Mustang, P-47 Thunderbolt, F-86 Sabre jet and F-89 Scorpion fighters.

The 23d Fighter Group was awarded the Distinguished Unit Citation for action over Hunan Province, China, June 17-25, 1944.

—THE END

**Attend 1964 CBIVA Reunion
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News dispatches from recent issues
of *The Calcutta Statesman*

MOHANBARI—Air traffic here was suspended for several hours recently when a wild elephant strayed into the airfield area. Planes scheduled to land were diverted to a nearby airstrip. Normal services were resumed after the elephant was driven away.

AHMEDABAD—On an average, 109 prohibition offences were registered daily in the dry State of Gujarat during the first seven months of last year.

KALYANI—The brewery at Kalyani, in West Bengal, is scheduled to go into production by the middle of 1964 with a capacity of 21,000 bottles of beer, 24-ounce size, per day. The brewery building is complete and Czechoslovakian engineers are engaged in assembling the machinery. The brewery will be the third of its kind in India, the other two being at Bangalore and Gaziabad.

CHANDERNAGORE—The prospect of the evils of casteism being obliterated from West Bengal much earlier than in other Indian States is increasingly becoming brighter. A considerable percentage of Hindu marriages solemnized in the suburbs of Calcutta recently have been inter-caste, in which the parents of both the grooms and brides exhibited a new outlook. Even six months ago, inter-caste marriages were not accepted by parents, a factor which forced many a young man and woman in love to turn to marriage registrars followed by a life of separation for some time.

AGRA—Mr. Nehru recently laid the cornerstone of a Rs 40-lakh leprosarium being built under an agreement between the Government of India and the Japan Leprosy Mission for Asia. He said the leprosarium is a symbol of Indo-Japanese cooperation, and he hoped it would help eradicate leprosy and also lead to the social rehabilitation of those patients who had been cured.

CALCUTTA—Manijan Khatum, a girl of 13, was recently sentenced to imprisonment for life for murdering her neighbour, Saraya, a girl of five. She was further sentenced to five years for abducting Saraya to steal her gold earrings. It was stated that the accused, who was thrice married and divorced, was notorious for her pilfering habits.

NEW DELHI—An area of approximately 14,500 square miles of Indian territory in Ladakh is reported to be under Chinese control.

NEW DELHI—Doubling of tractor imports this year from 1,800 to 3,600 and a Rs 10-crore increase in the import of fertilizers next year are among the highlights of the Union Agriculture Ministry's latest move to step up farm production.



AN AFRICAN STUDENT IN CHINA. By Emmanuel John Hevi. Frederick A. Praeger, Inc., New York, N.Y. February 1964. \$4.50.

A Ghanaian, a former medical student in China, tells of his experiences and has little respect for Sino-African friendship. Student exodus of Africans from China, he reports, began in mid-1961 because of unwanted political indoctrination, language difficulties, poor educational standards, Chinese "friends" who were really spies, popular hostility to Africans, and racial discrimination. He says Chinese life is squalid, any privilege is reserved for party leaders, and the ordinary individual is nothing, the state is all. He warns, also, that Ghana's President Nkrumah is trying to copy China.

THE POLITICAL THOUGHT OF MAO TSE TUNG. By Stuart R. Schram. Praeger Original. October 1963. Paperback, \$2.50; in cloth, \$7.00.

A long introduction by the author gives a capsule history of China in the 20th century, a biography of Mao and an appraisal of his political development. The rest of the book contains extracts from Mao's speeches, interviews and writings, many translated into English for the first time. The period covered is 1914-1957; the topics range from physical education and Japanese and American imperialism to the atom bomb, revolutionary tactics and the Chinese people. The author is director of the Soviet and Chinese Section, Center for the Study of International Relations at the Foundation Nationale des Sciences Politiques in Paris.

THE RELIGION OF CHINA. By Max Weber. The MacMillan Co., New York. March 1964. Paperback, \$1.95.

A classical sociological inquiry into the structure and value system of Chinese society, its customs, politics, religion and culture.

More Memories of Chabua

More memories of Chabua have been recalled in letters received this month regarding the picture published in the January issue showing a mural at the World War II base in India.

Carl A. Moosberg of Marianna, Ark., says he spent two years in about a 10-mile radius of Chabua, serving with the 59th Air Service Squadron, 51st Service Group, at Mohanbari, Dinjan and Hazelbank. He points out that ATC and other commands shipped supplies from Chabua into China.

In regard to the mural, he writes: "My guess is that the mural had something to do with the USO troupe going into China. The young lady reminds me of a trouper with the Pat O'Brien and Jinx Falkenberg show that gave us a performance at Mohanbari."

Enclosed with his letter was a copy of a February 1945 letter of appreciation written by Brig. Gen. William H. Tunner, commanding general of the India China Division, Air Transport Command, congratulating the 51st Air Service Group for its part in helping to move a record tonnage of supplies to China.

Charles Burgess of Delray Beach, Fla., recalls stopping at a bar at Chabua on his first trip over the Hump on July 4, 1944. It was called "Hump Happy Haven," and was "built in one of the stucco barrack type buildings by local GI's and officers. It looked very good with its little striped awning over the front of the bar; more shelves than bottles at the back. The price list made one think he was at an expensive night club. The room was well furnished, and the walls decorated with excellent drawings of planes and girls. The beautiful ladies didn't interfere with the crap and poker games the least bit."

Another letter was from William B. Harris of Elkins, W. Va., a captain in the Air Force Reserve, who vividly recalls his service there. The complete letter follows:

"In answer to your inquiry by Marvin Stephens, Council Bluffs, Iowa, in the January issue regarding some murals located at Chabua in the upper Assam Valley found by some Americans being shown around base operations by the Wing Commander Aquina, these are very familiar to me as I was stationed at Chabua in 1944 as a pilot flying C-46's carrying cargo to Kunming and Yunnanyi, China.

"Chabua was one of the twin engine bases in the Brahmaputra Valley of Assam operated by the Air Transport Com-

mand, U.S. Air Force. It was also a staging area for personnel being moved over the 'Hump' into China.

"The murals, as I remember, were in the Air Freight Department operated by Capt. Herman Cleuthe, a buddy of mine in the same barracks, who previous to his assignment in India had worked for Pan-American Airlines in the same capacity in Africa.

"As I recall, by a previous picture in the magazine, the Air Freight Terminal, being larger than the old ATC operations building, was used for operations after the U.S. Air Force pulled out.

"I was first stationed at Chabua and later 12 pilots including myself were transferred to Tezpur, 80 miles down the valley where I completed 81 missions, round trips, to Chengtu, China. This was a four engine base, C-87's and B-24's converted to tankers and designated as C-109's. I can never forget my tour of duty at Chabua amidst the tea gardens of Assam. Our barracks were located in what was once the tea gardens and our Indian house boys would show us occasionally how they picked tea and the type of leaves picked, before the war started.

"I am now a school teacher in West Virginia and telling of my experiences while in India to our younger generation which they really enjoy. I wonder if any CBI readers remember me or any of my crew. My engineer was George Bowen, Brooklyn, New York, radio operator was Cpl. Dornseif, my other pilot was Lowell Woodward, Seattle, Washington."

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P. O. Box 125 Laurens, Iowa

Commander's Message

by

Haldor Reinholt

National Commander
China-Burma-India
Veterans Assn.



Philadelphia gets the weather after the rest of the country is through with it. That was one reason why I was anxious to depart for points West and South. I shoveled my car out from under four feet of snow (half of which had been dumped on it by the municipal snow-plow) and with my patient family headed for the airport. At the airport I was greeted by a "what-the-hell-you-waiting-for" committee consisting of John Travia, Bertha Urenson and Cordelia Shute. They presented me with an emergency kit held aloft by four well-inflated balloons and included, among other things, a pocket pack of tissues (how well they understand my allergic sensibilities!)

With the carbon monoxide slush disappearing into the mists below we relaxed in the sub-stratospheric splendor of our United Airliner. Our peaceful flight was soon interrupted by four loud explosions. I was immediately surrounded by three Playboy type stewardesses who wanted to know where I hid my ack ack gun. Moral: do not accept air travel gift packages which are balloon encased. By the time I had overcome the bomb scare and re-established amicable relations with my fellow travelers the friendly lights of San Quentin beckoned below.

Ray and Mary Kirkpatrick welcomed me to the land of sunshine where the temperature was 70 degrees. They whisked me off to my hotel and explained my schedule which for me would be a most historic weekend.

The next day with Joel Springer I revisited many of the scenes of the San Francisco reunion—McLaren Park, the

Presidio, Fisherman's Wharf, and Lancer's. At the Lancer's Club I introduced myself as a friend of Walt Phillips, Red Adams and George Betz—the founders of Lancer's Alcoholics. (Please, sahibs, the management wants to know when they can expect settlement of your bill.)

The night of February 21 Mae Bissell, Ila Kidd, Dorothy Davis, Syd Wilson and I had dinner with Margaret and George Betz acting as our hosts.

On the 22nd everything was Gung Hay Fat Choy. Everyone in Chinatown was in a festive mood. After reconnoitering Chinatown, Joel Springer and I went to the Sutter Hotel to dress ourselves in proper costume for the parade. On reaching the hotel we suddenly heard fire engines coming from all directions. I turned around and saw thick clouds of smoke coming out of Chinatown. Later we were to learn that a \$75,000 building was destroyed because of some carelessly tossed firecrackers. I turned again to see Joel in the middle of Grant and Sutter Streets directing traffic. As soon as he had made a path clear and the fire engines had gotten through, Joel beckoned for me to follow and I soon found myself under Joel's command pulling hoses and other equipment to stop the fire. As evidence of this I quote the following letter from the men of Engine Company 12 of the San Francisco Fire Department:

"Dear Mr. Reinholt:

"We wish to take this opportunity to express our thanks and appreciation of your fine services, rendered in responding to the Three Alarm fire at Firebox 1244 (Sacramento and Kearny Streets), on Saturday, February 22, 1964, at 16:21 hours.

"We realize that it is not every visitor to our City who will take the time and effort required, to pull and carry hoses, and to have water dropped on them from above. You are welcome to carry our hoses anytime!

"As a token of our appreciation, we are granting and bestowing upon you the title of "HONORARY FIRE-BUFF".

"This title is yours and yours alone, for under no circumstances are we taking or making any recognition of your companion during this fire, for he is 'in our hair' all the time.

"Thank you again, and we sincerely hope that your recent visit to San Francisco was a happy and enjoyable one."

It took 140 firemen twenty-five minutes to extinguish the blaze. Without my help it might have been done in ten minutes.

However, everything was cleared in time for the parade to start.

Lack of space makes it impossible for me to tell the rest of the story here, so you'll find more about it in the next issue of Roundup.

This space is contributed to the CBIVA by Ex-CBI Roundup as a service to the many readers who are members of the Assn., of which Roundup is the official publication. It is important to remember that CBIVA and Roundup are entirely separate organizations. Your subscription to Roundup does not entitle you to membership in CBIVA, nor does your membership in CBIVA entitle you to a subscription to Roundup. You need not be a member of CBIVA in order to subscribe to Roundup and vice versa.
—Ed.



CAMEL transportation in Karachi, shown "parked." Photo by A. M. Meade.

Majority Secretary

● CBIers may be interested in knowing the identity of the man who was chosen by U.S. Senate Democrats to succeed Robert G. (Bobby) Baker as their majority secretary. Baker, as you know, resigned the \$19,600-a-year post when his wide-ranging business ventures came to light and is now being investigated by the Senate Rules Committee. The new man is Francis R. Valeo, a 47-year-old native of Brooklyn, N.Y. Unlike Baker, news reports say, Valeo is almost shy and his political knowledge is mostly academic. He took a degree from New York University and developed his specialty—Asia—while serving in the China-Burma-India Theater during World War II.

ARTHUR MORGAN,
Washington, D.C.

Gerald K. Hannaford

● One of the three U.S. Air Force officers aboard a jet training plane shot down in East Germany late in January was Lt. Col. Gerald K. Hannaford, 41, a veteran of CBI. All three of-

ficers were killed. Hannaford had been in the Air Force for 24 years and flew 63 missions in the China-Burma-India theater during World War II and 50 missions during the Korean war. He had planned to retire next year. His wife and 14-year-old daughter were with him in Weisbaden and his mother, Mrs. Brooks Oakley, lives in Austin, Texas.

ARTHUR M. BERSMA,
Los Angeles, Calif.



JOHNSON'S HOSTEL, hotel at Karachi, then in India but now in Pakistan. Photo by A. M. Meade.

1963 Convention

● Attended the 1963 convention at Milwaukee. The steak dinner and revue put on by the Allen Bradley Corp. was worth the price of the convention itself. The Milwaukee delegation did a good job. (I was formerly with 263d General Hospital.)

JOSEPH V. KELLENER
Chicago, Ill.

Has Most Issues

● It would never do to miss an issue now, since I have most of them back to about 1948.

FRANK SCANNELL
Cambridge, Mass.

Steve Dowzicky

● A fellow CBIer, Steve Dowzicky of Chisholm, Minn., passed away Nov. 21, 1963, of congestive heart failure. He was in Co. B, 330th Engineers, on the Ledo Road for 38 months. Drove trucks, operated heavy equipment of several kinds; did his part willingly and was a good friend to all who knew him. He is survived by two sisters, three brothers and a number of nieces and nephews.

C. C. CARTER
Denver, Colo.

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